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# Dulles Said A Man Of Many Moods

This is the last of a series of articles by Reporter Bob Considine, presenting a closeup view of the U.S. State Department and Secretary of State Dulles, and describing how problems of foreign policy have been and are being dealt with.

By BOB CONSIDINE  
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WASHINGTON, Oct. 20. —

What sort of person is John Foster Dulles? What is the inner personality of this man who directs American diplomacy at a momentous period in world history?



In seeking the answers to these questions, I came across the following odds and ends that may give an insight into the character of Dulles.

**Dulles** He has committed to memory, among other things, the gospel according to St. Luke, and made allusion to a certain chapter and verse in a recent communication to Nikita Khrushchev.

When a new foreign ambassador is presented to him in his huge office in the new State Department building, Dulles gives him a copy of the Federalist Papers and urges him to leave Washington and "get out into the country," if the ambassador is interested in understanding the American people.

## Drives Himself

At 68, he drives himself relentlessly from early morning until he drowns over a mystery yarn late at night.

He appears to be a man without physical fear. Inevitably, because he has traveled more than all of his predecessors combined, and mostly by plane, there have been engine failures over places wild or forlorn enough to stir misgivings and concern in the hearts of his aides and fellow travelers. But Dulles does not mind doing

Once, on a harrowing trip back to the Washington airport with a dead engine, his only concern was to get the pilot to radio to Canadian officials waiting at Ottawa that he would be a little late.

Dulles considers that man clever who wrote dull, duller, Dulles.

He belongs to a dynasty of public servants. His grandfather, John Watson Foster (1836-1917) was successively a lawyer, soldier in the Union Army, newspaper editor, U.S. Minister to Mexico, minister to Russia, minister to Spain, Secretary of State under President Benjamin Harrison and author of a shelf of books on diplomacy still useful to historians.

## Uncle In Cabinet

Dulles' uncle, Robert Lansing (1864-1928) was counsel for the United States in international litigation from 1896 to 1910, then Secretary of State under President Wilson from 1915 to 1920. His brother, Allen Welsh Dulles, was in the diplomatic service in Austria, Switzerland, France, Germany and Turkey between 1916 and 1926, served in OSS during World War II, now heads up the Central Intelligence Agency.

Dulles' sister, Eleanor Lansing Dulles, was a social worker in France in 1917, a teacher, Social Security official between 1936 and 1942, and is now working in the State Department.

John Foster Dulles always dreamed of becoming Secretary of State as others dreamed of lesser and greater accomplishments. He sat at Woodrow Wilson's feet as a Princeton student (and in time cast in behalf of Wilson the only Democratic vote of his life.) He was Secretary at The Hague peace conference of 1907.

## Went To Versailles

Wilson sent him to Versailles in 1918. Subsequently, he tried to solve the economic problems of Germany and Poland.

He was one of the true fathers of the United Nations Charter. Much earlier, he persuaded the Federal Council of Churches to set up a commission to "study the bases of a just and durable peace."

Dulles' father was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Watertown, N. Y. His mother—Edith Foster—wrote a book on etiquette. He read Pilgrim's Progress and Paradise Lost as a boy.

Phi Beta Kappa man Dulles was valedictorian of his class at Princeton, topped his later classes at George Washington University and at the Sorbonne in Paris, where he studied international law. He is a fine sailor, an excellent and enthusiastic swimmer, Greek scholar, and prefers a rye on the rocks to a martini.

He is one of the comparatively rare people born in Washington, D. C. (Feb. 25, 1888), plays bridge so well that he sometimes urges opponents to put down specific cards (having divined what they held) being end at the foreign water's edge.

He has a warm personality which an exterior scholarliness sometimes won't let through. The Dulles' were married in 1912, have two sons and a daughter. One son, Avery, is a Jesuit now assigned to Georgetown University. Fr. Dulles won his BA at Harvard in 1940, served in the Navy through the war, began his religious studies in 1946. Dulles is an elder at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York.

He is happy in the knowledge

that his three children "each of them in their own way" have found a communion with God and are devoutly religious.

He is a man with a fantastic memory. He complained once to Asst. Secy. of State Carl McCordle, former crack newsman, that there was a misplaced comma in a Dulles public statement which had quoted a passage from George Washington's farewell address. McCordle looked it up resignedly, pretty sure that Dulles was right. He was.

Dulles has a poodle—Peppi. The dog took a hostile attitude toward a distinguished guest who recently was received in Dulles' study at home.

"I'm sorry," Dulles said, "but you're sitting in Peppi's chair." He helped his guest to another seat.

## Keeps Eye Peled

Wrapped up in complex foreign policy plans and activities on his trips abroad, Dulles nevertheless keeps an eye peeled for minute matters.

No one has ever seen him turn down a native dish, no matter how villainous looking, at receptions abroad. He eats and drinks everything placed before him, and later may attend worriedly to his nauseated aids. At a Big Four dinner he gave at Geneva he made a last minute change in the arranged glasses — to provide vodka glasses.

Dulles has been assailed in this country and burned in effigy abroad. But he came to work one cold morning, shortly after taking office, quite indignant about the fact that someone in the department had asked the Washington police department to assign a patrolman to the Dulles home.

"I couldn't sleep, thinking of that fellow standing out there in the cold," he told an aide. "See that it never happens again."

Of his wife, Dulles tells friends: "She has been with me in everything I have done. I'd be very unhappy without her. She keeps me company."

When he returns home about 8 o'clock at night, after a 12-hour day which might well have altered history, the first thing Dulles wants to hear is an ac-

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**Travels Light**

He must travel light but complete. He had to take white tie and tails on his 27,404 mile trip to the SEATO meeting last March because there would be one formal dinner for the Shah of Iran at Karachi. With him he also took a first class tenor saxophone — which was just what King Phumiphon Adun-det, Thailand's jazz-loving monarch, wanted.

He is a methodical man. It is hard for him to understand why anyone would not be punctual for appointments. Aides assigned to accompany him on his trips about the world have long since learned to be at the airfield and inside the plane a good 15 minutes ahead of scheduled take-off time. A 2 P. M. departure, to Dulles, mind, means "wheels up" at 2 P. M.

Once in the air, if he is not involved with paper work, he likes to read the navigator's charts and go over his calculations with him. He has been on the go so much for half a century here and abroad (injured his eyes in 1912 by dosing himself with too much quinine while ill in British Guiana) that there are few portions of the earth which he cannot discourse upon while flying over them.

He'll drop everything to watch a sunset from the air, and would like everyone else aboard to watch, too. He likes to watch the fights on TV, and keeps up with several comic strips.

**Aide Called Doctor**

He worked recently through a heavy cold, coming to the office each day. An aide called the White House and one of the President's doctors drove over to the State Department to take a look at Dulles.

Dulles was in the middle of sounding out certain of his top men on a troublesome foreign problem. He talked and listened right through the doctor's chest-tappings, examination of his eyes, ears, nose and throat.

He mechanically obeyed the doctor when the man asked him to take off his coat and roll up his sleeve. He was so engrossed in what he was saying to his State Department associates that he apparently didn't know he was being given a hyperdermic injection until he noticed a united wince spread over the faces of his aides.

Dulles' chief relaxation at home, between chores, is to take a five-minute hot tub bath. He stretches out, closes his eyes, and gets up completely refreshed.

He goes to great pains to hear all sides before making a foreign policy move, but once his mind is made up he is hard to budge. He fought stubbornly in behalf of Ngo Dinh Diem, now president of Viet Nam. Diem, fired as premier by Bao Dai, also was opposed by the French and by elements of the U. S. military, notably Gen. Joseph Collins, former chief of staff.

In blasting Bao Dai and supporting Diem, Dulles was moved to a rare burst of purple language. "I want somebody in there who doesn't depend on bawdy houses to survive!" he thundered.